



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, POETRY, AMUSING MISCELLANY, ANECDOTES, &c.

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SELECT TALES.

From the Western Monthly Magazine.

Sir William Deane, or the Magic of Wealth.

BY JOHN RUSSEL, OF BLUFFDALE, ILLINOIS.

In the 'Boston Spectator,' of June 7th, 1810, appeared the following editorial paragraph. 'A FREAK OF FORTUNE. The blind goddess has been famous, in all ages, for the singular and unexpected manner in which she frequently bestows her favors, but never has it fallen to our lot to record an instance of her versatility so extraordinary as the following. Letters were received in town by the brig *Laura*, captain Hill, which arrived in this port a few days since from Liverpool, announcing the death of Sir Robert Deane, of Deane Hall, Lancashire, England. By the demise of this baronet, all his extensive domains in Lancashire, the yearly rental of which exceeds thirty thousand pounds sterling, together with his valuable personal property, including upwards of a hundred thousand pounds in ready money, all descend to a cousin, the only surviving member of that ancient family. But what renders the event so extraordinary, is the fact, that the sole inheritor of this immense fortune, is William Deane, an indigent tailor, in the village of Milford, Vermont. It is said that he is well educated, and that a singular train of circumstances having reduced him to indigence, he emigrated to the United States, and was subsequently driven to his present humble occupation for subsistence. However this may be, the elevation from the shop board to the honors of knighthood, for the title goes with the estate—is immense. Most cordially and sincerely do we congratulate him on his rise to rank and fortune, and hope that when he is seated in the castle of his ancestors, he will remember with affection the land in which he has found an asylum and a home.'

The above paragraph immediately 'went the rounds' of the newspapers, and excited universal attention; but in Milford, the little country village where the fortunate subject

of it resided, the sensation it produced, was absolutely overwhelming.

The weekly mail had arrived—that important event in village life—and the post-office was crowded, as usual, with people; all eager and impatient for news. To appease their importunities till he could assort and distribute his packages, the postmaster handed out the 'Boston Spectator' through the lattice work that fenced up a corner of the room into which was emphatically, and in fact, the post-office. The owner of the paper seized it, and rapidly glancing his eye over the inner columns—saw and read aloud the article announcing the good fortune of William Deane. It was the very first intelligence of the event that had reached the village. For an instant, every one was speechless with astonishment; in the next, the postmaster was the sole occupant of his office.—In fifteen minutes, every man, woman and child, from one end of Milford to the other, had heard the news. The humble domicile of the Deanes was rushed into, without the least ceremony, and twenty courtiers, breathless with running, were telling them their good fortune at once.

At first, no one thought of calling in question the correctness of the statement in the 'Boston Spectator,' but envy soon suggested that the editor might possibly have been misinformed, and some of the village nobility whose first impulse had been to go with the rest and congratulate the Deanes, secretly concluded to wait till the report was confirmed, before they condescended to pay their respects to a family which they had hitherto considered so immeasurably beneath them. This confirmation was soon obtained. Mr. Henson, the principal merchant of Milford, whose wealth and influence placed him decidedly at the head of the village, had received by the same mail, a letter from Mr. Walker, the steward of the late Sir Robert, confirming the intelligence in every particular. The letter was in part, confidential, but Mr. Henson communicated all that the public could have any real interest in knowing. The steward of the estate was aware, from report, that the circumstances of the heir were low,

and very considerate devised the means of rendering them, before his return to England, a little more in accordance with his future rank.

To effect this object, he requested Mr. Henson to place the family of Deane in circumstances befitting their station and wealth, and to furnish him with funds to return to England with as little delay as possible, that he might enter upon his estates, and prepare for the removal of his family. To meet these expenses, Mr. Walker authorized Mr. Henson to draw upon a bank in New-York, to which he had sent funds amply sufficient.

The exact place where Mr. Deane resided was not known to the steward, which was the principal reason for not applying directly to the legatee himself. However, enclosed in the letter to Mr. Henson, was one to the heir, superscribed — 'to Sir William Deane, Baronet.' This letter was couched in the most obsequious terms, giving him an account of the death of his *lamented* uncle, and a statement of the annual income of the estates, &c. &c. not forgetting to solicit for himself, a continuance in the stewardship under the new lord of the manor, the duties of which he had so ably and faithfully performed under the late Sir Robert.

Mr. Henson did not hesitate an instant in accepting the proffered agency, and politely told Mr. Deane that any sum he might please to want was at his service. The people of the village were too well acquainted with his shrewdness in money matters, and his careful attention to the 'main chance,' to give Mr. Henson the credit of doing this from motives of generosity or friendship. No, they knew him too well, not to feel perfectly assured that he had ascertained to a certainty, that the Deanes had become the actual and *bona fide* inheritors of an immense fortune, and would repay him fourfold for every cent he loaned them, or expended in their service, the Deanes could not have obtained from him a dollar, even to prevent starvation.

It is now high time to introduce the happy favorite of fortune, the heir of all this wealth and honor, more fully to the acquaintance of

our readers. He was then about forty years of age, eighteen of which had been passed in Milford. His arrival there, and subsequent history were well remembered by all the elderly inhabitants. Being young, of handsome person, and with no apparent fault in the world but that of *'drinking'* and the like, he had no difficulty in entering the pale of matrimony, soon after his arrival, notwithstanding his poverty, with a young lady of the village, whose merits and accomplishments were equal to his own. Suffice it to say, that they managed to live, and it may be added, *happily*, notwithstanding the warlike sounds which frequently greeted the ears of the neighbors, and those who chanced to be passing by. For the honor of knighthood we lament that truth requires the acknowledgment, that often while his wife was seated on the shopboard, mending the *habits* of others, her loving husband was indulging in very bad ones of *his own*, at the sign of the harrow, a low tavern at the lower end of the village. Every sixpence he could possibly lay his hands on, stood a fair chance of being expended at that favorite place of his resort. The village barber, who was always ready with a joke, and several others, some of whom had been respectable in the world, till New England rum had reduced them to poverty and disgrace, were his constant companions. It is amusing to observe the traits of character which these tavern friends exhibited when they had fairly drank down the carping cares of this mortal life. At such times, especially, the utmost deference was paid to the rank of each other; not as the world considered it, but to the rank which each had either formerly held, or *would have held*, had it not been for the ingratitude of the world, or the treachery of a friend or relation. One of these associates, according to his own account, had been a legislator in a distant state, and very rich, till some envious wretches swore falsely against him, and he was compelled to serve an apprenticeship to nailmaking in a penitentiary. The latter part of the story was known to be true, and the rest, of course was taken for granted.—This man was never addressed without his title, and becoming deference. But the hero of the whole party was Mr. Deane. He was the heir of a noble family in England, and had it not been for the chicanery of the law and the villany of a relative, would then have been enjoying rank and wealth, instead of sitting on the shopboard of a tailor. Every time he indulged in *'blue ruin'*, which happened *'pretty considerably'* often, the story of his high birth, and the unbounded wealth of his uncle, Sir Robert Deane, of Deane Hall, Lancashire, was sure to be told, with all its particulars and amplifications. Nor did he once fail to predict, on such occasions, that he should

one day inherit the title and estates of his uncle. We leave to philosophers the task of accounting for the propensity which some men exhibit while inebriated, to relate all their disappointments and expectations.—Every man in Milford, who would listen to him, had heard his story a hundred times, but, beyond the circle of the harrow, it won him no respect. The nobility of the village—for every country has its nobility, who look down with contempt upon all below them—the village nobility so far from allowing his claims to equality, like the priest and the Levite, passed by on the other side, and rarely condescended to notice either him or his family, even by a nod of recognition.

He was characterized as a miserable, profane sot, with whom it would be disgraceful to have any thing to do, beyond employing him to make or mend their clothes. For several years, his family, which now consisted of himself, his wife, and a daughter of seventeen, had inhabited a room in the basement story of a large building in the village.

Great indeed was the astonishment of the Milfordites when they discovered that all the accounts of his high birth, and princely expectations, were verified to the very letter!! What a fortune! Thirty thousand pounds reduced to federal money is upwards of a hundred thousand dollars; more than twice as much as Mr. Henson, the richest man in Milford is worth; and this sum the Deanes are to receive every year. It is truly overwhelming! What could they possibly do with such an immense sum? How could they ever spend half of it! To a man of such wealth, a few thousand dollars would be of no account, and not a few had secret hopes of being materially benefitted by his friendship.—Every one envied Mr. Henson for being made the temporary agent of such a man. His fortune would be made, for he could not fail of being amply rewarded, though every one knew that he had no friendship for Mr. Deane, or any one else, beyond his own interest. The family of Mr. Deane, or as he was now called Sir William Deane, had been immediately removed from their subterranean residence, to one of the handsomest houses in Milford, which Mr. Henson rented and furnished for that purpose. Every thing befitting their new condition was provided, and magic itself could hardly have wrought a more striking change in the manners and appearance of this family.

The *elite* of society, the very first people in the village, lost no time in paying them a visit. Parties were made in rotation at the houses of all the principal gentry, solely to do honor to *Sir William, his lady and daughter*. 'What a genteel *purlite* woman lady Deane is, said the wife of the minister; she seems as if she was born to the rank she fills!' 'O, certainly,' was the response of the whole coterie.

The excellent qualities of the mother and daughter afforded a most prolific theme of conversation in all good society, and could any measure of praise have been too great for such unheard of merit, not a small share of the encomiums heaped upon them to their very face, might have been suspected of savoring a *little* of flattery and sycophancy.—One lady, in the fulness of her heart, seized lady Deane by both her hands, at a large party, and 'wondered how it could possible have happened that she had not become acquainted with her before, and why lady Deane had never called upon her! Any thing in the world that she or her husband could have done for her and Sir William, would joyfully have been done, had they only called upon them, and made their request known; but somehow or other, they had never, till lately, enjoyed the supreme felicity of their acquaintance.' By the by, this same lady, of all others, had been the most distinguished for the insulting disdain she had formerly offered to the poverty and low standing of the Deanes.

A thousand little presents flowed in upon the mother and the daughter, from the neighbors, and every hour in the day saw their house besieged with genteel visitors, who 'just called to see how they were.' If either of them chanced to catch the slightest cold, it is astonishing how much sympathy and alarm it excited among the ladies composing the *'good society'* of Milford. Kind souls, they were half frightened out of their wits, for fear it might terminate in consumption.—Every remedy that could be devised, was recommended, and their attention to the supposed invalids was as earnest and assiduous as if their own lives depended upon the issue. So great was the friendship of these ladies, and so very anxious were they to show kindness to lady Deane and her daughter, that they would really have rejoiced to have had them afflicted with a moderate sized fever, merely to alleviate their sufferings and sympathize with and console them.

Let not the reader imagine, for an instant, that any share of the overwhelming attention bestowed by the ladies and others, upon this family, was at all owing to the *trifling* circumstance that they had risen to *rank* and *fortune*. No, not a particle of it was, by any means chargeable to that account; for I have often heard these ladies declare to Lady Deane herself, that it was entirely owing to the exalted merits they discovered in Lady Deane and her daughter; and that they would have admired them just as much, and been just as familiar with them years and years ago, had it not, somehow or other, unaccountably happened, that they had not become acquainted with them till recently.

To do justice to Sir William, he wore his

newly acquired honors with as much propriety of character, as most other men who have *risen* to sudden fortune. Dressed in an elegant suit of English broadcloth, from the store of Mr. Henson, he really looked the gentleman; and it was difficult to decide which was most to be admired, his *dress* or his *address*, so perfectly were his manners adapted to his new station in life.

If the gentlemen of Milford, had formerly been deficient in paying him respect, which we are sorry to say was the fact, they now appeared eager to make ample amends for past neglect, by paying up all arrears, both principal and interest. This, common justice required of them. Every one was now anxious to do him a favor. 'Is there nothing I can do for you, Sir William?' was inquired again and again. Each individual was incessant in his efforts to gain the particular friendship of the heir, and to defeat similar attempts of others.

The moral character of Sir William underwent a transformation as great and unexpected as that of his pecuniary affairs. It is true that he swore just as often, and just as profanely as he did before; but some how or other, though I am not philosopher enough to explain the 'reason why,' yet the effect was entirely different. Even the Rev. Mr. Polyglot, the worthy parson of the village, who had hitherto expressed the utmost horror of his oaths and immoral character, now declared, that 'Sir William was really become a moral man; and though, to be sure, he sometimes used language that was a *little* profane, yet he did it from mere thoughtlessness and habit, and meant not the least irreverence in the world.' Intention, alone, renders any thing evil: it follows, that Sir William, having no evil intention, was in fact, a *moral man*.

He was intoxicated, perhaps, rather oftener than formerly; but from entirely a different cause and motive. Before his elevation to rank, his intemperance was charged to mere sottishness of disposition, but he immediately laid aside this degrading propensity. Now, his intoxication was in consequence of having accidentally drank upon an empty stomach—or the liquor had an unusual effect on account of his being out of health—or hospitality and politeness to his guests required it. I said that he was '*intoxicated*,' but people generally gave it another name, that of '*being in good spirits*.' In a word, it was universally acknowledged that Sir William Deane was temperate, and drank not a drop more than a man of his rank and wealth ought to drink.

To do him justice, he had not a fault in the world. He laid them all aside the moment he heard of his elevation. Not a doubt existed in the mind of the Rev. Mr. Polyglot, that his wealth and influence would essentially

promote the cause of virtue. To effect this object, he managed to have Sir William elected president of a society, which he had recently instituted to support the gospel, by raising a permanent fund to *pay his own salary*.

Miss Deane, the heiress apparent of all the accumulated wealth and dignity of the family, became at once a conspicuous object of attention among the young lawyers, doctors and merchants, the rising nobility of the incorporated village of Milford. She was now about seventeen and a girl of excellent qualities. Her education was rather limited; but in fashionable life it is not necessary to be a 'blue stocking,' or a philosopher. She had hitherto been known by the soft, poetic name of 'Betsey,' but more frequently was she designated by the far more pastoral one of 'Betsy.' Remembering the words of Solomon, that '*a good name is more to be desired than great riches*,' the people of Milford, as if by universal consent, changed the name of the gentle lady in question to that of 'Miss ELIZABETH.'

The principles of gentility and taste must have been innate and inherent in the mind of Miss Elizabeth Deane, in defiance of the theory of Locke; for in a surprisingly short time, could she display all the airs and affectation of high ton, and cut the acquaintance of her former associates in the most approved and fashionable style.

It was certainly presumption in an untitled republican, to aspire to a connexion with a British knight; but what will not *disinterested love* dare to hope? To give a detail of the rivalry for the smiles of this young heiress, would fill a volume, and we will, therefore, leave it all to the imagination of the reader.

Six weeks had scarcely elapsed since the intelligence of the death of Sir Robert had reached the village, when Mr. Henson had every thing in readiness for the departure of Sir William to England. The family were to remain in the elegant mansion in which Mr. Henson had placed them, till the return of Sir William, who would come prepared to remove them, in style, to Deane Hall.—Other letters had arrived, extracts from which had been published, urging his immediate departure, and confirming all the particulars of the first intelligence, beyond the possibility of a doubt, had any existed. But none did, or could exist; for Mr. Henson was a man, of all others, the least liable to be deceived. He had once been an importer of goods from England; had often been in that country, where his acquaintance was extensive, and had likewise a deep knowledge of mankind.

It was decided that Sir William should sail from Boston, which was one hundred and fifty miles distant. Numerous and expensive were the parting dinners made on the occasion.

It could hardly have excited more profound regret, had his departure been final, instead of for a few months. Sir William had become a warm friend to the Americans, and intended to persuade several of the young nobility of England with whom he should become acquainted in his visit, to accompany him to Milford, when he returned for his family. This latter event was anticipated in the village with the most delighted expectation. The good offices and influence of Sir William would undoubtedly induce some of these young noblemen to marry in Milford; and more than one mother of a beautiful daughter, resolved to improve the interval by accomplishing her at a dancing school, and thus prepare her for the style of life she would enter upon in England. This ambition was not confined to the mothers and daughters. The fathers, also, entered with spirit into the plan, and having read in novels that English noblemen are excessively fond of the chase, and of *hounds*, many a good, honest, brindled dog, who never dreamed of any higher employment than that of guarding the house and sleeping in the shade, was put in training for the expected occasion.

At length the farewells and adieus were all said and wept, and Mr. Henson accompanied Sir William to Boston. In that town, as every where else, the legatee was an all engrossing object of attention. Every body had heard of his good fortune, and every body was eager to pay him respect. This they had ample leisure for doing, as no vessel in Boston would sail for an English port in less than ten days. Politeness required that Mr. Henson should wait and see his friend set sail, and he concluded to employ the intervening time in laying in his annual supply of goods. Teams were in readiness, waiting his orders. His first purchase was at a wholesale dry goods store, at which he had long been in the custom of trading, and frequently on a credit. On the present occasion, he selected goods to the amount of more than thirty thousand dollars. 'Mr. Henson,' said the merchant, 'I have long dealt with you, and have always found you punctual and honest; but, really, sir, thirty thousand dollars is a large sum to credit to any country merchant! I do not, in the least, doubt your honesty or your ability to pay me, but really sir, you must pardon me for asking security.' Mr. Henson replied that he was about enlarging his business in Milford, and also about establishing another store in Waltonville; and that to fail of obtaining the goods would break in upon all his plans, and greatly injure him. As it regarded security, he had not the least objection to giving it, but there was no man in Boston acquainted with his circumstances, who was able to secure that sum, except his friend, Sir William

Deane, and he felt *extreme* reluctance to asking such a favor from him. 'I will willingly take Sir William,' was the reply of the merchant, who had been previously introduced to him, and with whose good fortune he was well acquainted. At length, the '*extreme reluctance*' of Mr. Henson to asking such a favor, was overcome, and Sir William taken in security. A note, payable in six months, was given. At three other mercantile establishments in different parts of the town, about the same amount of goods was obtained at each, and the security of Mr. Deane *reluctantly* asked by Mr. Henson, and cheerfully taken by the merchants. The goods, which amounted to nearly one hundred and forty thousand dollars, were safely placed on board the wagons, and Mr. Henson accompanied his teams a few miles on their way, and then returned to Boston.

The next morning, Sir William embarked for England. Mr. Henson paid his passage, and just as he stepped over the side of the vessel, already getting under way, was seen to put a thousand dollars into his hands.

Reader, our story is rapidly drawing to a close. The teams, instead of taking the route to Milford, went directly to Montreal, in the province of Lower Canada, out of the reach of the laws of the United States. Mr. Henson was there, ready to receive them, and had adroitly managed to convey all his property in Milford, to the same place. He opened a large store in St. Paul street, with the fruits of his ingenuity and the credulity of his creditors, which he enjoyed in perfect security, as no law of the United States could reach him. **SIR WILLIAM DEANE WAS NEVER AGAIN HEARD OF.** Mr. Henson, having often heard the drunken boast of the tailor, that he was the heir of Sir Robert Deane, etc., contrived his plot to correspond with it. Deane, hating his wife, readily entered into it, on condition that Mr. Henson paid all the expense, and gave him a thousand dollars at the moment of setting sail. The letters were written, and all the subordinate parts of the drama performed by Mr. Henson. The wife and daughter of Deane were really the dupes of this imposition. Great was there astonishment when the title and estate all 'vanished into thin air.' How rapidly does human character change. In one day after the plot was known in Milford, lady Deane and her daughter, in despite of their '*exalted merits*,' had dwindled down to the level of common mortals. They once more became the tenants of their former residence in the basement story, which fortunately remained unoccupied. *Miss Elizabeth* has again become simply Betsey, and even a syllable less. However, she still adverts with an air of pleasure and triumph, to the time when she reigned indisputably the *belle* of the village; but regrets that she did not

accept the hand of lawyer Harvey, when she had the opportunity. Such is "THE MAGIC OF WEALTH."

BIOGRAPHY.

Thomas Moore.

POETRY is almost coeval with the origin of society. Nations in general had poets, even before they were acquainted with the elements of literature. This assertion may seem problematical to many; but, if we reflect on the nature of the case, it is not so surprising as to be incredible. An occasional elevation of thought, a fit of animation, or a strong excitement, will lead the speaker into a course of diction superior to the tameness of ordinary conversation. Figurative and metaphorical language, forcible allusions and apt comparisons, drawn both from nature and from art, will offer themselves to the mind of one who unites imagination with talent; a measured cadence will soon follow; and this species of amusement will at length become an art. Thus poetry may be supposed to have arisen. Sometimes it was left to make its own impression without accompaniment. On other occasions it was aided by the rude music of early times. After the introduction of writing, it necessarily became more regular in its construction, more elegant and refined.

The earliest poets of whose genius we have any remains, were those of the Hebrew race. The Greeks subsequently became famous in the poetic art, and were apparently the first nation that reduced it to precise and systematic rules. But a servile adherence to rule is disclaimed by many modern bards, who think that poets are privileged to soar above all critical laws. Genius, indeed, ought not to be closely fettered; yet every branch of literature may be improved by rules, because, in general, they are founded on common sense. The writer who now demands our notice, is well acquainted with the *dicta* and the maxims of Aristotle and Longinus; and, if he does not always observe them, it is because he ventures sometimes to think for himself.

Mr. Thomas Moore was born in Dublin, about the year 1780. Being the son of a respectable merchant, he received a good education, first under Mr. White, an able instructor, and afterwards at Trinity College, where his attainments as a classical scholar distinguished him above the generality of his fellow students. In the year 1795, he became a member of the society of the Middle Temple. It was then his intention to study the law; but he did not find it necessary to practice that profession. His inclinations leading him into another course, he devoted himself to poetry and elegant literature. His translation of Anacreon, published before he had completed his twenty-first year, evinced his

learning and talent; and it was soon followed by a volume of poems, chiefly of an amatory complexion. Some of these pieces are neither loose nor indelicate; but others seem to require the apology which the author made for them, alleging that they were the 'productions of an age when the passions very often give too warm a coloring to the imagination,' which may palliate, if it cannot excuse, the air of levity that pervades so many of them.

In 1803 he procured an appointment which gave him an opportunity of visiting the United States. Being a strenuous advocate for freedom, he anxiously observed the nature of the government and the state of society in the republic. He then repaired to St. George, one of the Bermuda Islands, and began to act as registrar to the vice-admiralty court; but he did not long execute the office in person, being content to resign one half of the emolument to a deputy, by whose imputed acts of embezzlement he was afterward subjected to trouble and vexation.

Continuing his literary pursuits, he at length established his fame by the beauties of *Lalla Rookh*. His illustration of a variety of national melodies, by appropriating characteristic poetry to each, highly gratified the public; and the subsequent productions of his muse did not—as is sometimes the case—detract from the prevailing opinion of his merit. He has also distinguished himself as a biographer. His *Life of Sheridan* is marked by spirit and ability, as well as by the graces of style; and it is free from that partiality which is too frequently shown where the life of a selected individual is the object. His acquaintance with the history of his native country is displayed in the supposed *Memoirs of Captain Rock*; and his satirical asperity is as conspicuous in that work, as in the account of the *Fudge Family*.

But of all his works, the one which we think most worthy of his genius and reputation, and which will be a durable monument to his fame, is '*The Epicurean*,' published in 1827. Although written in prose, this is a poem, and a masterly poem, alike valued for its lustre and its purity. The style has all the liveliness which usually marks his compositions, and abounds in those sparkling illustrations which give animation to his poetic prose. Take, for example, some at random—'fountains and lakes, in alternate motion and repose, either wantonly courting the verdure, or calmly sleeping in its embrace'—'though Melancholy, as usual, stood always near, her shadow fell but half-way over my vagrant path, and left the rest more welcomingly brilliant from the contrast'—'I could distinguish some female tones, towering high and clear over all the rest, and forming the spire, as it were into which the harmony lessened as it rose'—

'I saw the love-bower and the tomb standing side by side, and pleasure and death keeping hourly watch upon each other.' The design is simple, and exhibits no remarkable mechanical ingenuity; but it is executed with a flowing pencil, and in warm and brilliant colors. There is no straining after vehemence and sublimity; but there is, throughout, abundance of poetical thought and imagery, grace and refinement.

The chief features of Mr. Moore's poetry are grace and tenderness; yet he is not deficient in animation nor in force. He seems to pour forth his whole soul when he treats of the enchanting passion of love; and if the other feelings of the heart are not so well delineated by him, he at least touches them with an elegant pencil. He may be styled the minstrel of the day; for he is at once a poet, singer, composer, and instrumental performer.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From the People's Magazine.

Gaming Houses of London.

The gaming houses of London—at least those on a great scale—are all situate in the modern and elegant quarter of the town, and are among the greatest wonders of this world of houses and of human beings. In the slang of the town, such dens of vice and plunder are designated *Hells*,—a name too applicable to the nature of the business transacted within. We are credibly informed by the author of *Life in the West*—a recent production, that these houses are fitted up in a style of extraordinary splendor, and that their expenses are enormous, though nothing in comparison to the profits realized. One house is supported at an expense of a thousand pounds a week. The next in eminence costs an hundred and fifty pounds a week, and the minor ones vary from fifty to eighty pounds a week. Each house has a regular compliment of officials, who are paid extravagant salaries. The inspectors or overlookers, are paid from six to eight pounds a week each; the 'croupiers,' or dealers, three to six pounds a week, the waiters and porters, two pounds; and a person who keeps a look out after the police officers, to give a timely warning of their approach, two pounds. The money disbursed for secret information, wines, &c. cannot be easily ascertained, but must be very large.

Every thing in the interior of these mansions is elegant; but certain things betoken the dreadful and hazardous nature of the establishment. The doors and window shutters are fortified with strong iron plates, so that ingress by violence is a tardy and difficult matter. There is one of these iron doors at the bottom of the stairs, one near the top, and a third at the entrance of the gaming room.—These are opened and closed one

after the other as a person ascends or descends. In each of these doors there is a little round glass peep hole, for the porters to take a deliberate view of all persons desirous of admittance, in order to keep out or let in whom they choose.

An unsophisticated person would naturally enough suppose, from this account, that none but those of great courage would dare to penetrate into the heart of these establishments; but it must be explained that there is nothing like gruffness or jailorism in the keepers of the mansion. The whole placed on an easy and genteel footing. No civility can equal that of the waiters, while the condescension of the proprietors, or *bankers*, the refreshments and wine, all combined, have an interesting and deceptive influence upon the inexperienced and unreflecting mind. But what kind of people are they who keep these houses? are they born of a particular class? By no means. In London there is always a great number of individuals, the refuse of every rank, and the natives of every country, floating on the surface of society, ready to engage in any hazardous undertaking, provided it can bring money into the pocket, and indulgence to the passions. The proprietors of these houses are composed of a heterogeneous mass of worn-out gamblers, black-legs, horse dealers, jockies, valets, pettifogging lawyers, low tradesmen, men in business, who have failed through their debauchery, and others of a similar stamp. They dress in the first style of fashion, keep country houses, carriages, horses, and fare sumptuously: bedizzen themselves out with fine gold watches, chains, seals, diamond and other rings, costly snuffboxes, &c.—property, with but little exception, originally belonging to unfortunates who have been fleeced of every thing, and who, in the moment of distress, parted with them for a mere trifle. Some have got into large private mansions, and keep first rate establishments. Persons, with a very superficial knowledge of the world, can easily discern through the thin disguise of gentlemen they assume.

The degree of blackguardism, villainy and wasteful profusion which characterise these infamous establishments, will doubtless, appal the minds of thousands of our respectable and industrious readers; but there is a use in thus unfolding scenes capable of scaring the unwary man of property, or those in desperate circumstances, from the gaming table, while the virtuous portion of community, in reading such accounts of what is hourly transacting—night and day, Sunday as well as every other day in the week—in the metropolis, will draw closer together, and learn to be thankful that their simple and honest occupations do not lead them into the way of such unhallowed temptations.

MISCELLANY.

The French Girl Among the Arabs.

THE 'Semaphore' of Marseilles gives a letter from Algiers, dated the 22d ult. containing the following episode in the late military excursion to Blida:—It will be recollected that a settler and his wife were massacred by the Arabs in the rear of the army. They had their daughter with them, a girl of about 11 years of age, but of whom, though every search was made, no traces could be found, and no doubt was entertained of her having been conveyed by the barbarians back to the mountains. She, however, has returned to Algiers, owing her safety to her own presence of mind. The following narrative of her escape is from her own recital. She was seized by the hair of her head, and the inexorable yagan was raised to strike her, when the brigands suddenly observed the driver of the wagon, from which she and her parents had been taken, running to conceal himself in the bushwood. They instantly abandoned their prey for this new object of their ferocity, thinking, no doubt, they should easily find the destitute child on their return. She seized the propitious moment and hastened to hide herself in the marsh, and from her hiding place watched the Arabs seeking the man who had escaped them. When they were at a distance she regained sufficient courage to come out and give a last embrace to her murdered parents, and was not deterred from performing this act of filial affection, either by the dangers to which she was exposed, or by the revolting sight of the mutilated bodies of her father and mother. Alarmed, however, by some noise, she again plunged into the marsh, and having wandered about for several hours, found herself near an Arab hut and sat down exhausted. 'She had not been long in this position, when a child, about her own age, came out of the hut, and inspired by Providence, the orphan threw herself upon its neck—the Arab child answered her caresses. In a few minutes she was surrounded by Arab women, who wept over her tears of commiseration. Their maternal feelings dictated to them their duties on the occasion, and they endeavored to conceal her, but the husbands returned, and she was discovered. These barbarians reproved their wives for granting hospitality to a Christian; and one of them had the brutality to throw an iron bar at the head of his wife, because she gave two eggs to the famished child. She, however, was preserved and remained with the tribe two days submitting to her fate with patience and resignation. The murderers, in fact, reflected that the exasperated French might again return and take vengeance, and that the sparing their infant prisoner, would perhaps be a means of

appeasing the wrath of their enemies. At length, a Moor, while the Arabs were absent, got possession of the orphan, and having concealed her in one of the baskets slung across his mule, brought her on the 16th of September safe into Algiers. Immediately on her arrival she was taken to General Viorol, who bestowed upon her the most anxious care. Her return becoming known, she was the general object of curiosity and attention; every one wished to hear from her own mouth the narrative of her sufferings to which we have not added a single word. M. Sappetty, Director of the Carantine Hospital, has adopted the child, whose name is Lucino Boretto, and will be to her as a second father; his kind treatment will no doubt soon alleviate the pains which she has suffered. The officers of the garrison have opened a subscription, the product of which is to be deposited in the Savings' Bank at Paris, which will accumulate to form a dowry for the orphan of Algiers.'

From the Hartford Pearl.

Sleighting.

We love sleigh riding. We love to have a full cutter—full of girls. We love to see all wrapped up warm, and the fiery chargers darting on through the shaved ice, gloriously! we love to have all the girls laughing, and enjoying themselves beneath the cold moonlight; and the sleigh mounting up and dancing down until we drive up to the door of our grandmother or aunt. What joyfulness is there then, in entering the warm room and finding all merriment! This is one of our domestic blessings; and we sincerely pity those who have no good aunt or grandmother, or relation towards whose house to wend in the winter evening when the snow is fairly beaten down, and the moon is at her full.

Glorious winter evenings! We hail ye with delight! We enjoy ye in raptures, and there is a peculiarity and poetry about ye that is only known in lovely New England. F.

From the German of Krummacher.

The Defence.

WHEN nature had formed, with her all-creating breath, the loveliest of flowers, the rose, the spirit of the rose-bush thus addressed the flower-angel, Will you not give to the gentle plant a defence, which will protect it against injury and insult? And yet nature has given the thorn-bush large and pointed thorns.

The thorn-bush, answered the angel, does not belong to the noble, but is ranked low in the kingdom of creation. Its office is to defend the slender plants from the irrational brute, and for this purpose nature has given it the pointed thorns. But your wish shall be gratified!

He spake, and surrounded the rose-bush with tender thorns. Then the spirit of the rose-bush said, Why these weak weapons? They will not shelter the beautiful flower.

The angel of the flowers answered him, They shall only keep off the hand of the inconsiderate child! Resistance will be a strong allurements to the offender. That which is holy and beautiful has its defence within itself, therefore nature has given the rose the most tender weapon, which admonishes, but does not wound. For the tender only unites with the beautiful.

Thus innocence possesses modesty and retirement.

The Head.

THE head has the most beautiful appearance as well as the highest station in the human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermillion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on either side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the attention from great and real beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribbons and lace.—*Aldison.*

John Bunyan.

A description of his character and person was drawn by his first biographer. He appeared in countenance, to be of stern and rough temper, but in his conversation, mild and affable, not given to loquacity or much discourse in company, unless some urgent occasion required it; observing never to boast of himself, or his parts, but rather seem low in his own eyes, and submit himself to the judgment of others; abhorring lying and swearing; being just in all that lay in his power to his word; not seeming to revenge injuries; loving to reconcile difference, and make friendship with all. He had a sharp quick eye, accompanied with an excellent discerning of persons, being of good judgment and quick wit.—As for his person, he was tall of stature, strong boned, though not corpulent, somewhat of a ruddy face, with sparkling eyes; wearing his hair on his upper lip after the old British fashion; his hair reddish, but in his latter days time had sprinkled it with gray, his nose well set, but not declining or bending, and his mouth moderately large; his forehead something high, and his habit

always plain and modest. And thus we have impartially described the external parts of a person, who had tried the smiles and frowns of time, not puffed up in prosperity, nor shaken in adversity, always holding the golden mean.

Washington.

HOWEVER his military fame may excite the wonder of mankind, it is chiefly by his civil magistracy, that his example will instruct them. Great generals have arisen in all ages of the world, and perhaps most in those of despotism and darkness. In times of violence and convulsion, they rise by the force of the whirlwind, high enough to ride in it, and direct the storm. Like meteors, they glare on the black clouds with a splendor, that while it dazzles and terrifies, makes nothing visible but darkness. The fame of heroes is indeed growing vulgar: they multiply in every long war; they stand in history, and thicken in their ranks almost as undistinguished as their own soldiers. But such a Chief Magistrate as WASHINGTON, appears like the pole star in a clear sky, to direct the skilful statesman. His presidency will form an epoch, and be distinguished as the age of Washington. Already it assumes its high place on the political region. Like the milky way, it whitens along its allotted portion of the hemisphere. The latest generations of men will survey, through the telescope of history, the space where so many virtues blend their rays.—*Fisher Ames.*

CONFESSION OF AN IRISH PEASANT.—Luke M. Geoghan being at confession, owned among other things that he had stolen a pig from Tim Carrol. The priest told him he must make restitution; Luke couldn't—how could he, when he had eaten it long ago? Then he must give Tim one of his own. No; Luke didn't like that—it wouldn't satisfy his conscience, it wouldn't be the downright identical pig he stole. Well, the priest said, if he wouldn't, he'd rue it, for that the *corpus delictum*, Tim's pig, would be brought forward against him at his final reckoning. 'You don't mane that, father?' 'Indeed but the father did.' 'And may be Tim himself will be there too?' 'Most certainly.' 'Och, then, why bother about the trifle this side the grave? If Tim's there, and the pig's there, sure I can make restitution to him then you know.'—*Monthly Magazine.*

A COUNTRYMAN, a short time ago, on being liberated from St. Augustine's gaol, walked into a neighboring ale-house and asked for a pint of beer, informing the landlord, at the same time, he had no money, but that if he would furnish the supply, he would tell him something greatly to his advantage. Boniface

hesitated, but finding the man's countenance to wear an honest sort of appearance, placed before him a 'tankard of mild.' A few minutes elapsed, and the beer had vanished, and with it my host's patience, for he eagerly demanded the promised information. 'Hark ye,' responded the newly released delinquent, 'If you should be unfortunate enough to get on the tread-mill, the easiest birth is against the wall.'—*Kentish Chron.*

A MAN who has the appearance of order and economy in his family, who does not permit his sons to 'hoe corn in silk breeches,' nor roll logs in ruffled shirts, nor to wear their best clothes on common occasions, nor suffer his daughters to make cheese and butter in chintzes and muslins, nor sweep the kitchen in silks and laces, will sooner be trusted and stand higher in the estimation of all sensible people, than any other man of equal quality who sets up for gentility, with a family of smart sons and dashing daughters, the beaux and belles of the neighborhood—the former calculating to live on their wits, and the latter expecting to be maintained by their beauty, and all but worshipped for their accomplishments.

THE QUAKER AND THE JUDGE.—A Quaker having been cited as an evidence at a Quarter Sessions, one of the magistrates, who had been a blacksmith, desired to know why he would not take off his hat. 'It is a privilege said the Quaker, 'that the laws and liberty of my country indulge people of my religious mode of thinking in.' 'If I had it in my power,' replied the justice, 'I would have your hat nailed to your head.' 'I thought,' said Obadiah, drily, 'that thou hadst given over the trade of driving nails.'

THERE are people in the world who are continually speaking of ill-luck.—Every little mishap is considered by them as a special dispensation for their evil. They are satisfied with nothing. If, by accident, they do happen to meet with a little good luck, it is nothing to what would have happened to some favored one. One of these discontented beings, was passing through our streets the other day. Something glistened on the side walk and he stopped to pick it up. It was an old fashioned pistareen. 'Dang it,' he exclaimed in a tone of petulant disappointment, 'if any body else had found it, it would have been a quarter dollar.'

THE HUNGRY ARAI.—An Arai was once lost in the desert. For two days he found nothing to eat, and was about to die with hunger. Fortunately he hit upon one of the wells which lie in the tracks across the desert; and while assuaging his thirst found a little leather bag on the sand. 'God be praised,' said he, as he

lifted them up, 'these I think must be either dates or nuts; how reviving they will be?' With these sweet anticipations he opened and looked into the sack, but exclaimed in a mournful tone, 'Alas! they are nothing but pearls.'

LOVE.—When she learned the vocabulary, she did not find that admiration meant love; she did not find that gratitude meant love; she did not find that habit meant love; but in process of time she began to suspect that all these put together produced a feeling very much like love.—*Rank and Talent.*

BUTTERFLY IN A CHURCH.—Let it flutter, whether in the little church or in the great temple of nature; it praises God too.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1854.

WINTER.—'Loud blow the frosty breezes,' as the Scottish bard expresses it, and the vast vegetable world lies shrouded in a white and beautiful garment. Our patrons may find this a suitable season for mental culture, and by improving it, may raise up an addition of flowers in the vast garden of the mind. When the winds are high along the hills, and heavy clouds of snow go whirling up into the heavens, how the heart beats in gratitude, as we sit before the bright and crackling fire. It seems as though the mind grew more strong, as if its whole force became concentrated in the small circle around us. If we take up the imaginary works of Cooper, or the efforts of a Scott, we appear to unite our mind with theirs, and follow them in their romantic and interesting pathway. And why is this?—It is because there are no flowers abroad to catch a wandering imagination—the forests are leafless and drear—the hum of the bee is hushed—the voice of the cataract is muffled—the calm, blue heaven has not so bland a noon—but nature—the wide region of nature, lies, like a strong man laid itself down to rest, and prepare for the glory of a coming Spring.

There are beauties attached even to our Winter season. The scenery of nature is, in some cases, of a most gorgeous aspect. Who that has visited our forests, when the brawny arms of the trees were incased in their icy garb, could not see beauty there. We see the beams of the sun play upon them, reflecting in magic tints the most lovely hues;—while the coated shrubs below appear like the springings of many springs congealed in their ascent into the air. The hills shine like banks of silver, the valleys are hard and polished, and all other objects abroad conspire to contribute a splendor to the scene. Thus it is, that every season wears a peculiar garb of loveliness and casts its mite into the general sum of our happiness.

AUTHORS.—It is a source of gratification to us at all times to encourage real merit, by admitting communications into our columns, but the idea that we are to countenance any thing and every thing, we cannot ourselves entertain. Numberless communications have been forwarded to us, some of which would confer everlasting infamy upon their authors, were they not anonymous, and others whose penmanship would defy the ingenuity of the literati of the whole world. We do not believe, even if men possess a natural bias, that their effusions are to spring forth from their brains spontaneous, as the waters boil up from the clear depths of the mountain spring. But we believe it necessary to cultivate the germ of genius, and to curb its extravagancies, that its productions may be brought within the scope of the general community. Some, to succeed, must scrawl a strange hand, because it is characteristic of Irving and Willis. Others must have their ideas wrung up in a mystification, for to express themselves in the simple dialect of life, would be too common, and far beneath their noble aspirations. Others, again, mistake words for ideas and ramble through the whole universe to

arrive at a point not twenty rods distant. These are some of the oversights of those, who, should they pursue a different plan, might confer far more honor upon themselves, and double benefit throughout the reading community. We mean, at all times, to select according to our taste and judgment, and trust we shall by our skill, give merit its due and genius her just reward.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—We were thinking a few days since of the utter stagnation into which the literature of America was falling. It seems as though all the master-spirits had resigned their noble occupation, and laid themselves down to slumber, while the mildew of death was fast creeping over it. Our fancy is no more entertained by the savage imagery of Cooper, and we but scarcely indulge in a smile, created by the facetious Paulding. Bryant, Halleck, Sprague and others 'have hung their harps upon the willows.' One is swiving the pen in the turmoils of a political life, another resigns Pegasus for the yard stick, while another presides over the precious coin in his vault. Our country may properly be termed a land of facts and realities—a land where cash ranks higher than genius—and where, as yet, no superfluous recompense was ever bestowed for means to please the mind and transport the imagination.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—It is time, we think, to remind some of our subscribers, that the stipulations on which our paper is furnished, have not been complied with. Our expenses are heavy, and we, of course, look to the proceeds of our journal to liquidate them. The terms upon which we deliver our paper, are one dollar, if paid within three months;—if not, one dollar and fifty cents. We would mention, that although many have received it even six or eight months without forwarding us any of the 'needful,' yet, in case they transmit to us one dollar (free of postage) immediately upon receiving this notice, no further charge will be enforced upon them.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

G. M. Child & M. Barnes, Bridgeport, Me. \$2.60; J. Allen, Cairo, N. Y. \$1.00; A. Chandler, Colrain, Me. \$1.00; A. S. Vandusen, Victor, N. Y. \$0.81; W. M. Bunker, Ghent, N. Y. \$2.34; J. Bunker, Ann Arbor, M. T. \$1.00; D. Kellogg, Ann Arbor, M. T. \$1.00; E. W. Morgan, Ann Arbor, M. T. \$1.50; S. G. Cole, Victor, N. Y. \$1.00; R. M. Walker, Orville, N. Y. \$1.00; James Sherman, Perry, N. Y. \$0.89; H. N. Risdon, Salina, M. T. \$1.00; C. C. Davenport, Watertown, N. Y. \$1.00; Augustus M. Brown, Honesdale, Pa. \$1.00.

SUMMARY.

CHEAP ANTIDOTE.—There is not a house in the country that does not contain a remedy for poison, if instantly administered. It is nothing more than two tea-spoonful of made mustard, mixed in warm water. It acts as an instantaneous emetic.—Making this simple antidote known, may be the means of saving many a fellow creature from an untimely end.

Mr. B. Brewster, printer, of Concord, N. H. has invented a new method of lettering and gilding books, which will save to publishers at least ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS PER YEAR, if adopted.

The fire engine that first reaches the place of conflagration at New Orleans, is entitled to a premium. Our firemen require no incentive to action.

MAILED.

At Newburgh, on Wednesday evening the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, Mr. Alkman Spear, to Miss Eliza R. daughter of William G. Hubbel, of this city.

In Hill-dale, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Philip Robert, jr. Mr. David L. Becker, of Claverack, to Miss Sally Truesdell, of Hill-dale.

At Stuyvesant Falls, on Sunday the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sturges, Mr. William H. Chase, to Miss Cornelia Jane Gardiner, both of the above place.

At Claverack, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. James Lowe, to Miss Mary Pixley, both of the above place.

At Saratoga, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Ezra Hall, merchant, to Miss Martha B. Crawford, all of the above place.

DECEASED.

At Greenbush, on the 1st inst. at the residence of her brother-in-law, Mr. William A. Thomas, after a very short illness, Mrs. Catherine, wife of Capt. William H. Folger, of this city, and daughter of Mr. Silas Rand, aged 26.

In the city of New York, on Wednesday the 25th ult. Mrs. Jane Osborn, wife of Mr. Rosmer P. Osborn, and sister of Mr. Charles McArthur, of this city, in the 27th year of her age.

At Athens, on the 5th inst. Mrs. Sally O. Coffin, aged about 40, wife of Capt. Peter T. Coffin.

In Jersey city, on the 7th inst. Cadwallader D. Colden Esq. aged 54 years, formerly Mayor of New York.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Genius and Death.

Oh, how it shakes the mental world
When genius glides away,
And lays him down amid the wrecks
Of time, death, and decay;—
Those blazing lights which fired the world,
And dazzled every eye,
When struck by time to dreary night,
Awake an empire's sigh.

The mind that walk'd the very skies,
Which track'd the burning sun,
Which felt the beauties of the path
O'er which she daily run;
Could backward walk the path of time
To when all nature rung,
As morning stars in harmony
Together sweetly sung.

Who analyzed each nation's ways
Which long since fled away,
And worlds caught up within their mind
Their virtues to display.
Who drank the music of the woods
The streams that play along,
And loved to wander in the skies
'Mid all the glittering throng.

And must they tread the dismal shore,
'Mid time's disastrous land,
Obey the mandate 'turn to dust,'
And be at death's command;—
Shoot downward 'to the realms of shade,'
Their glory and their fame,
And rest forgotten, save the light,
That burns around a name?

Aye, so they go, a moment here—
A comet fierce and bright—
Short shining past this dusky sphere,
Then all is quenched in night.
But in a country's breast there burns
A charm to gild this gloom,
Genius shall live in memory,
Though sleeping in the tomb.

X.

For the Rural Repository.

The Song of the Swiss Peasant Girl.

Thy words are vain, they tempt me not
From my native land to roam,
I would not leave my lowly cot,
For the splendors of thy home;—
Boast not to me thy skies so fair,
And thy sunset breezes bland,
Far more I prize the mountain air
Of my own loved Switzerland.
And dearer than all thy halls of pride,
Is my lowly cot, by the mountain's side.
In other lands deep thought would bring
The shadows of the past,

And 'mid their bowers my heart would cling
To my early home at last.

For the sun of love as sweetly shines
Beneath our cottage walls, and bright
As in your home, where rank combines
With power to dim its genial light.
But here unknown is the tumultuous strife
Of wild ambition, which but withers life.

Then seek no more, to lure my heart
From this long loved, sequestered spot,
To scenes that never can impart,
More joy than this my lowly lot;—
For dear to me is every scene
O'er which my wandering footsteps stray,
And dear the fountain's gushing stream,
On which the mountain breezes play
With rippling force, but yet more dear
Is he, my own loved mountaineer. C. D.

The Captive Scheik.

Neibhur relates the history of a captive in Yemen who seeing a bird through his prison grate, was inspired to make lines, which being heard by his keeper, and spreading from one to another till they reached the ears of the Imam who had confined him, procured his liberty.

River! whose waters murmuring stray,
Oh! could I by thy side,
Mark, how like joys that steal away,
Thy waves in music glide;
Oh! might I watch thee glittering by,
Without these bars that mock my eye,
As welcome, and as blest to me,
Thy cool and sparkling waves would be,
As those which lead to Aden's* shore,
Where he who drinks shall thirst no more.
Thy course is onward, wide and free,
When will such course return to me?
Ah, liberty!—how blest art thou,
Whilst I, in fetters bound,
Press 'gainst these bars my fever'd brow,
And listen for a sound
That stills one moment's space the sigh
Of hopeless, sad captivity.
And thou, fair bird, whose notes arise
Sweet as the bells of Paradise,†
That chase the slumbers of the blest,
Or soothe his soul to dreams of rest;
What art thou?—from what pleasant home
Of ceaseless music dost thou come?
Say, if amidst the Sudru's shade‡
Thy nest of perfumed leaves is made?
Art thou of those of spotless wing
That round the throne of glory sing,§
Or art thou come a messenger
To bear me tender news of her,
Whose truth no absence can impair,
Who loves, like me, amidst despair?
The dew of pearl on Yemen's waves,||
That sparkles pure and bright,
Ere yet in foaming ocean's caves
Its gems are form'd of light,
Is not so pure, so fair, as she,
So precious as her heart to me.
But what am I?—my mem'ry now
Would cloud the sunshine of her brow;
My fame is past—my glory fled—
My name enroll'd among the dead—
Forgot by all I ever knew,
Why should not she forget me too?

Go, soaring bird! thy lays are vain—
They add new torture to my chain;
Attendant on thy notes appear
The shades of many a buried year,
Whose glittering colors charm my sight
Then fade and leave me deeper night.
They show when from my desert home
Free as my steed I used to roam;
How, even then, the future's dream
Made present good of no esteem;
By custom too familiar grown,
I slighted joys that were my own;
Alas! since then a life of pain
Has proved their worth; but proved in vain;
Oh! that I could recall the past
Hours, days and years, I dared to waste—
But vain repentance, vain regret,
My only task is to forget!
No more I'll seek my prison grate,
With straining eye and heart elate,
To welcome stream, and wood, and plain,
Which never may be mine again;
I turn from scenes so bright, so drear,
And find my only world is here!

**Al Aden or Jannet*, the garden of Paradise. See *Koran*.
†The trees in Paradise will be hung with bells, which will be put in motion by the wind, proceeding from the sacred throne, as often as the blessed wish for music.
‡The Sudru is a tree of Paradise.
§The souls of the good dwell in the form of white birds under the sacred throne. See *Koran*.
||The *Matta es Seif*, is a rain which is believed in Persia to ripen the pearls in the oyster, when it descends on the waters. It falls in the month *Nisan*—NIEBUHR.

'As thy Day, so shall thy Strength be.'

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

When adverse winds and waves arise,
And in her heart Despondence sighs;
When life her throng of care reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That, 'as thy day, thy strength shall be.'
When with sad footsteps memory roves,
'Mid smitten joys and buried loves,
When sleep my tearful pillow flies,
And dewy morning drinks my sighs;
Still to thy promise, Lord, I flee,
That, 'as thy day, thy strength shall be.'
One trial more must yet be past,
One pang the keenest and the last;
And when with brow convuls'd and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart-strings fail,
Redeemer, grant my soul to see
That 'as her day, her strength shall be.'

NOTICE.

§7. New Subscribers can be furnished with all the previous numbers of the present volume, and all the back volumes except the 1st and 2d.

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§7. All Orders and Communications must be paid to receive attention.